



FEATURE

COMICS

JULY



THE DOLL MAN



RUSTY RYAN



MICKEY FINN



BLIMPIE

- GILL FOX -



No. 69 10¢

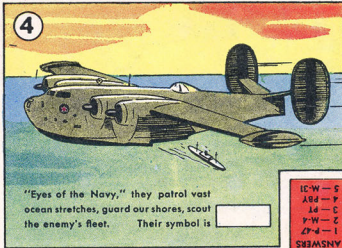
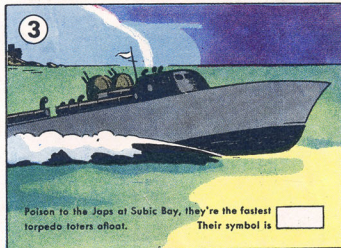
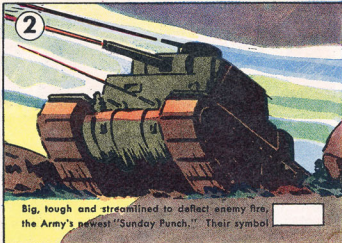
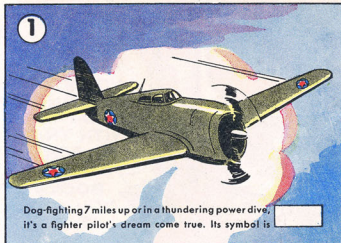


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.

P-47 M-4 PBV M-31 PT



5—S
4—W
3—M
2—P
1—A
ANSWERS



The Morrow Coaster Brake is a member of "The Invisible Crew"—precision equipment built by Bendix—on war duty on every front.

MORROW COASTER BRAKE. They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is (because of the thirty-one ball bearings that give you the longest coasting, easiest pedaling bike-ride you ever had).

THE INVISIBLE CREW
Precision
Equipment by **Bendix**
AVIATION CORPORATION

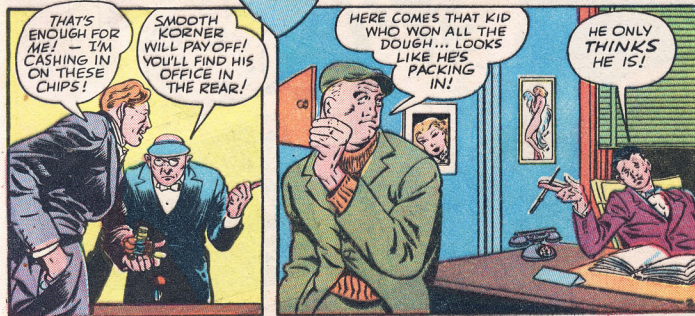
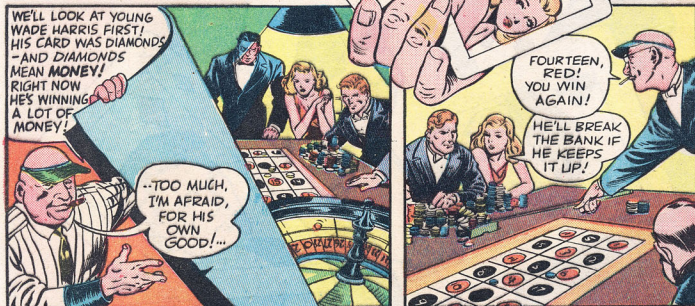
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

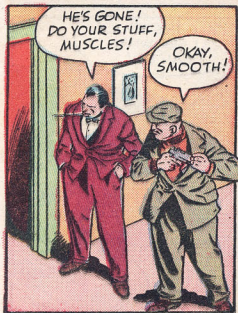
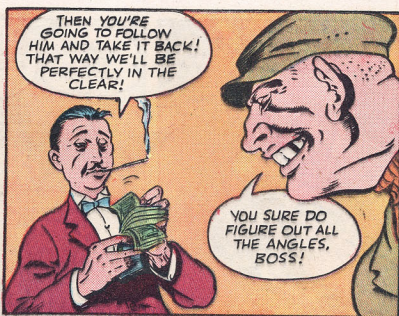
FEATURE COMICS, July, 1943, No. 69. Published monthly by Comic Favorites, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Gilbert Fox, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.50, Foreign \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter August 20, 1937, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising offices, 415 Lexington Ave., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1943 by Comic Favorites, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

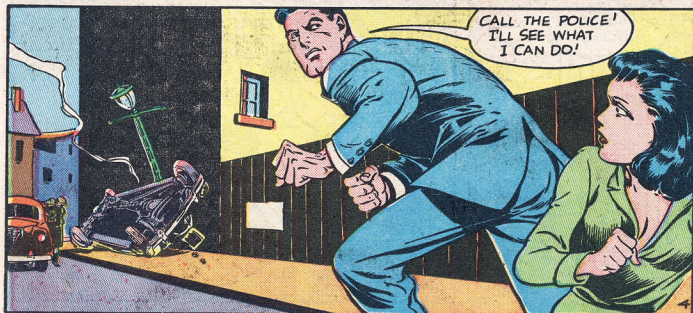
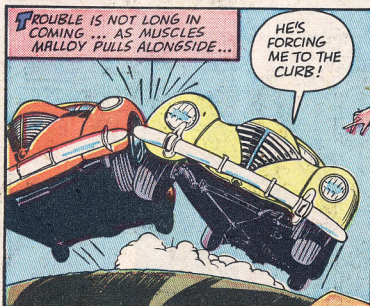
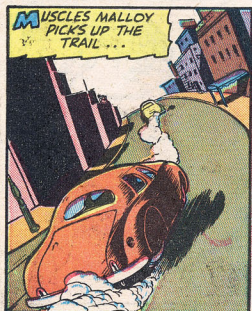
The DOLL MAN

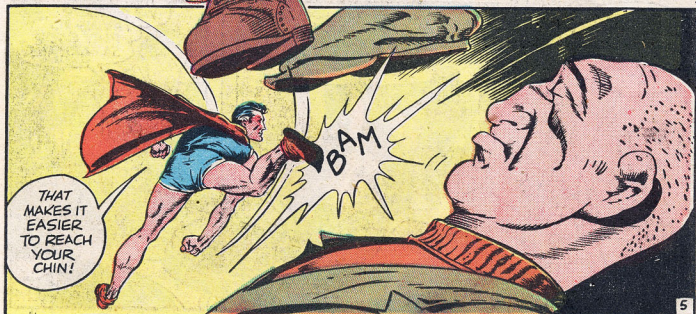
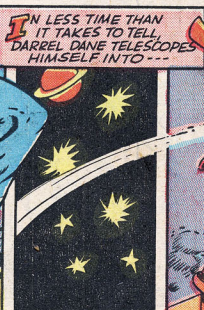


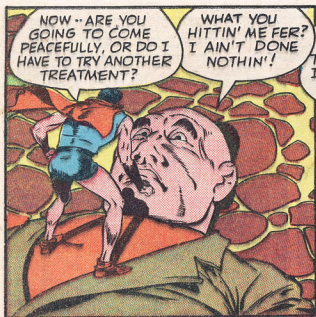
AN ACE-HIGH STRAIGHT WITH
THE JOKER WILD -- PLENTY
WILD!!!
AN ACE OF SPADES, A KING OF
DIAMONDS, A QUEEN OF HEARTS
AND A JACK OF CLUBS!...
BUT HOW DOES THE DOLL MAN
WIN AGAINST A MARKED DECK
IN "FATE DEALT THE
CARDS" ???







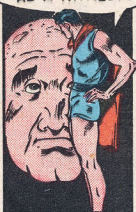




WHAT YOU HITTIN' ME FER? I AIN'T DONE NOthin'!

THAT ALIBI WON'T WORK! I SAW YOU DELIBERATELY FORCE THAT CAR TO CRASH! AND I'LL GET THE YOUNG MAN WHO DROVE IT TO ACT AS A WITNESS!

THAT'LL BE A GOOD TRICK IF YOU CAN FIND HIM!



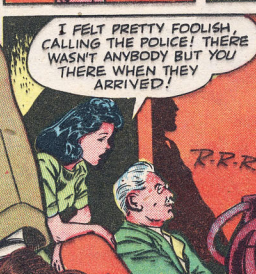
HO-HO-HO! WHAT NOW, LITTLE PEANUT? YOU'RE BEATEN!



LATER... DARREL DANE IS VISITING THE HOME OF DR. ROBERTS...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THAT YOUNG MAN RAN AWAY--HE COULD HAVE HAD THAT GORILLA ARRESTED!

PROBABLY HE WAS MORE INTERESTED IN MAKING HIS ESCAPE!



RRRINGGG!



WHAT'S THAT? YOUR HUSBAND'S DYING! I'M A SCIENTIST, NOT A PHYSICIAN - BUT I'LL BE THERE IN A JIFFY!



AN EMERGENCY CASE! I'VE GOT TO HURRY!

I'LL DRIVE YOU DOWN, DR. ROBERTS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, DR. ROBERTS KNOCKS ON THE DOOR OF A FURNISHED APARTMENT WHOSE LONE OCCUPANT IS ... WADE HARRIS!

WHO'S THERE?

THIS IS THE DOCTOR! LET ME IN!



I DIDN'T SEND FOR ANY DOCTOR!



SMOOTH KORNER SENT YOU TO GET ME!- DON'T MOVE -OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!



THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! A WOMAN PHONED AND GAVE ME THIS ADDRESS! ---

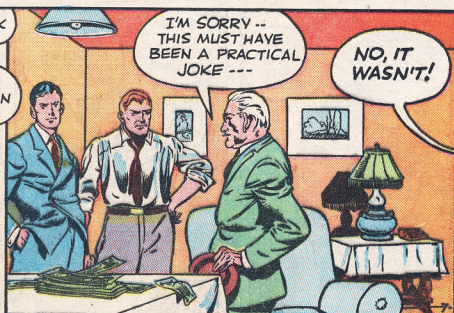
-SHE SAID SHE WAS MRS. WADE HARRIS!



THAT'S MY NAME, BUT I'M NOT MARRIED!

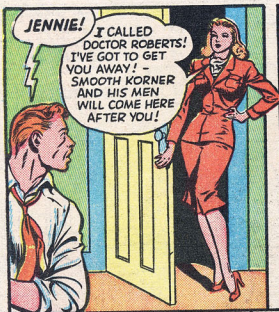
YOU DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A DYING MAN, EITHER!

HE'S NOT EVEN SICK!



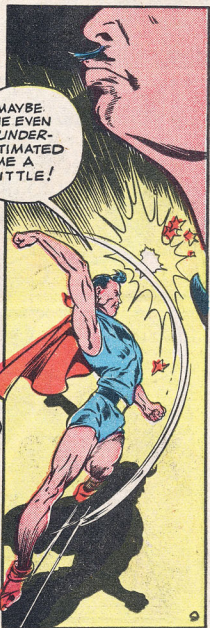
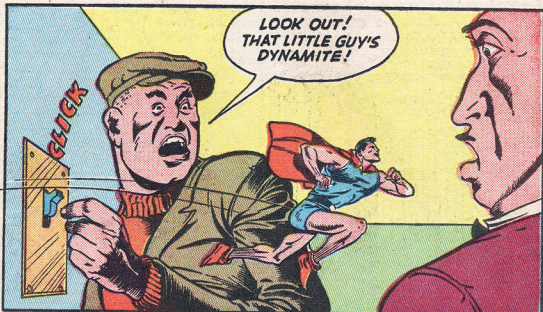
I'M SORRY -- THIS MUST HAVE BEEN A PRACTICAL JOKE ---

NO, IT WASN'T!

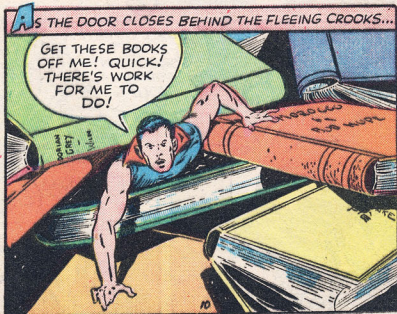
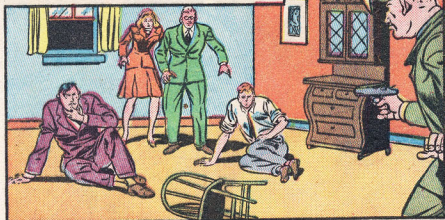


THE CLICK OF A
LIGHT SWITCH
AND THE ROOM IS
PLUNGED INTO
TOTAL DARKNESS!

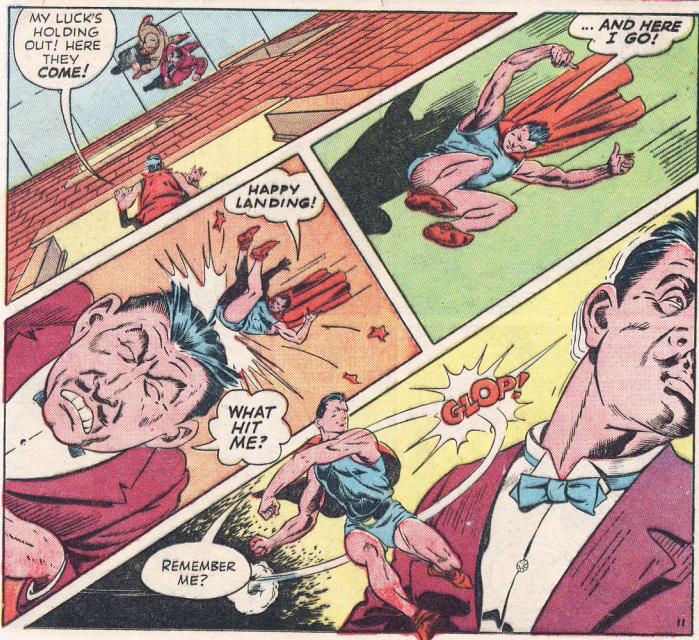
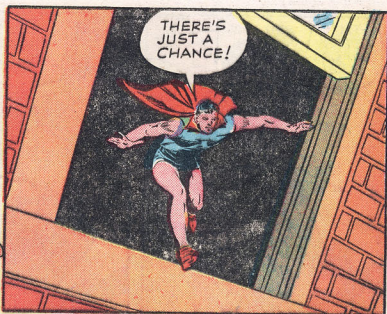
HEY!
WHAT
TH'--!



FRANTICALLY TRYING TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM THE DYNAMIC DOLL MAN, MUSCLES MALLOY TIPS A HEAVY BOOKCASE TOWARD HIM ! . . .

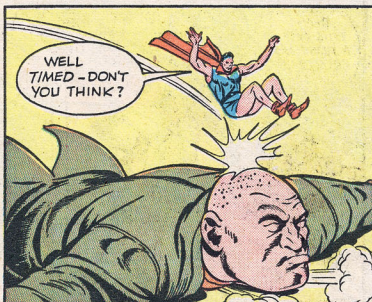
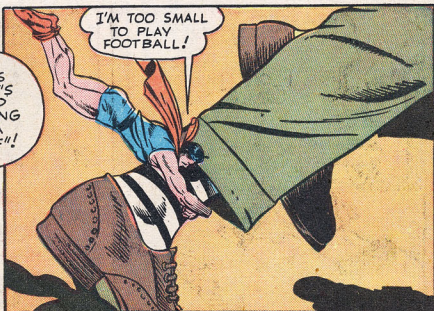


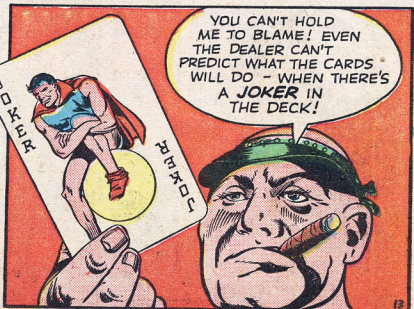
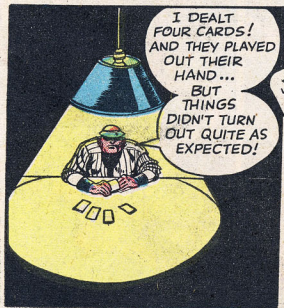
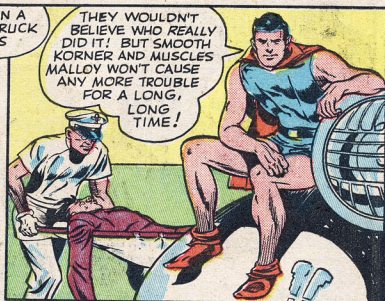
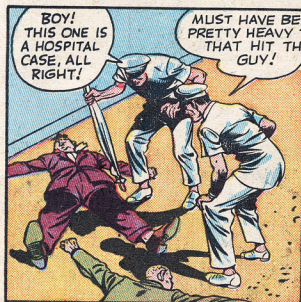
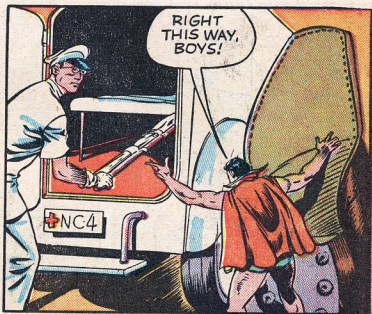
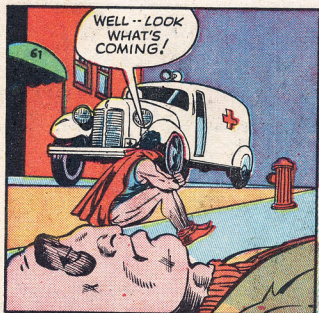
AS THE DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND THE FLEEING CROOKS...

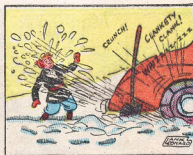
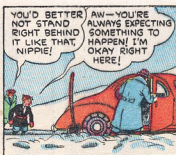




THAT'S WHAT'S CALLED "RUNNING LIKE A THIEF"!

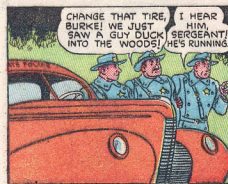
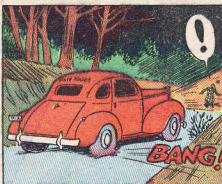






MICKEY FINN

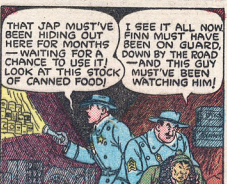
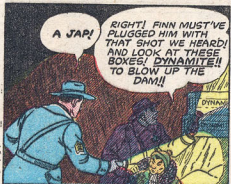
By LANK LEONARD

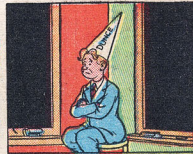




MICKEY FINN

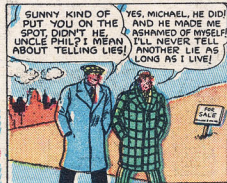
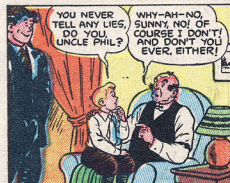
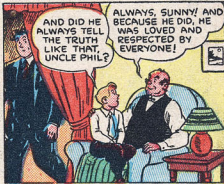
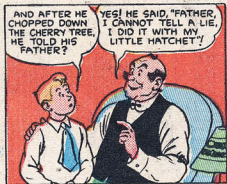
By LANK LEONARD

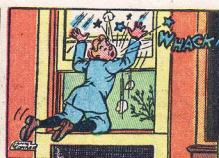
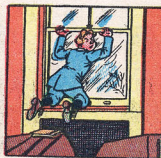
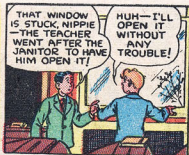




MICKEY FINN

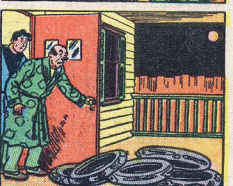
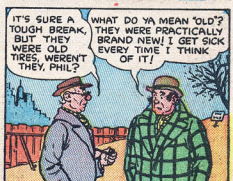
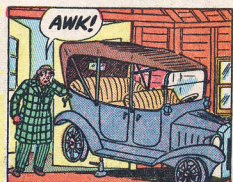
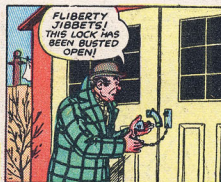
By LANK LEONARD

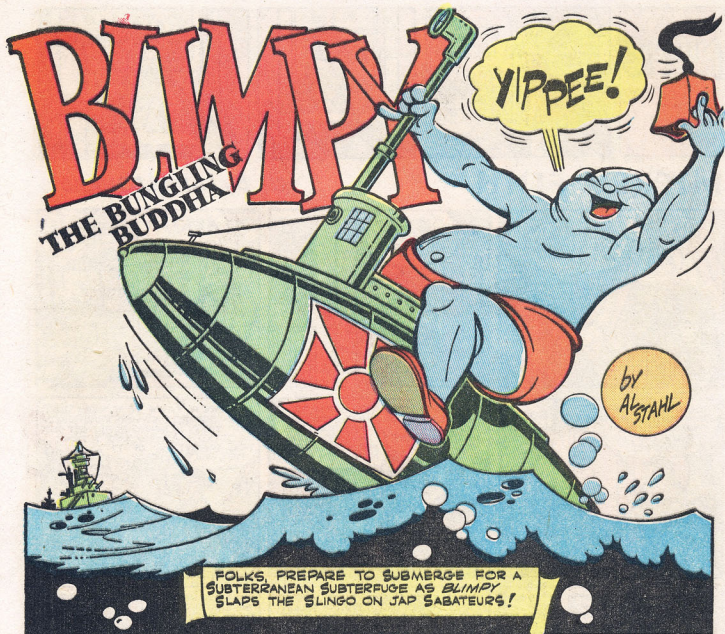




MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





HA! LOOK! Y, CHIEF. THEY
EVEN SNAPPED YOU WHEN
YOU FLOPPED ON THE
STATION STEPS,
LAST WEEK!



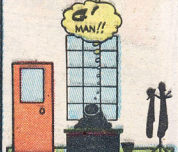
GET OUT! YAMOOSE!
PULL ANOTHER GAG ON
ME AND BACK YA GO
TO THE BOWERY
BEAT!



EVERY DAY IT'S THE
SAME THING... JAP
SNAPPERS TAKING
PICTURES EVERY-
WHERE, AN' NO
SIGNS OF 'EM!

I'M THE LAUGH
OF THE WHOLE
POLICE FORCE!

G!
MAN!!

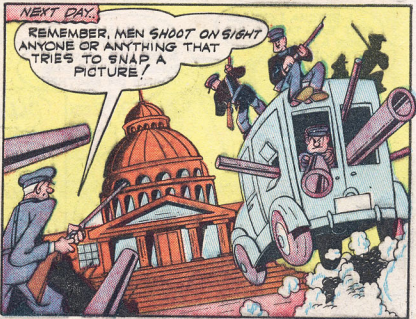


JUST LET
THEM TRY THEIR
STUNTS TOMORROW-
I'LL HAVE THE
WHOLE POLICE FORCE
GUARD THE PAYROLL
TRUCK!



NEXT DAY.

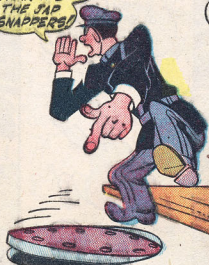
REMEMBER, MEN SHOOT ON SIGHT
ANYONE OR ANYTHING THAT
TRIES TO SNAP A
PICTURE!



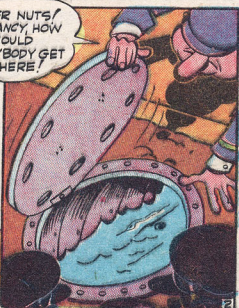
GULP!

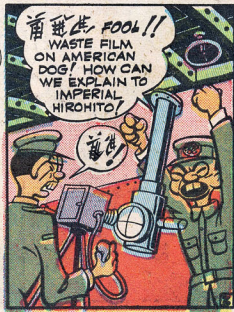
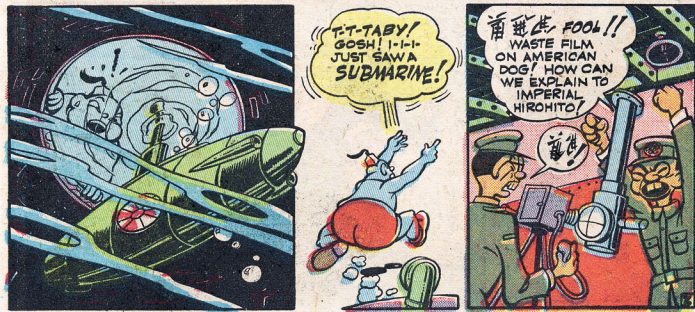
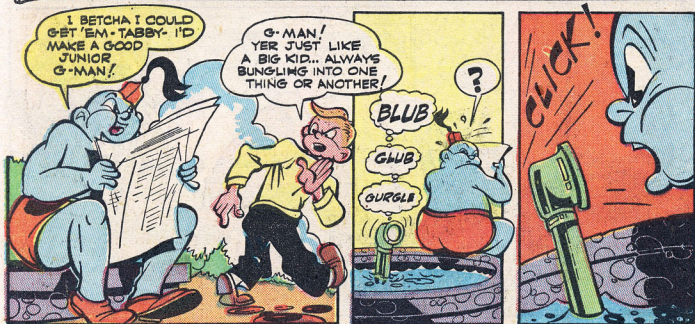
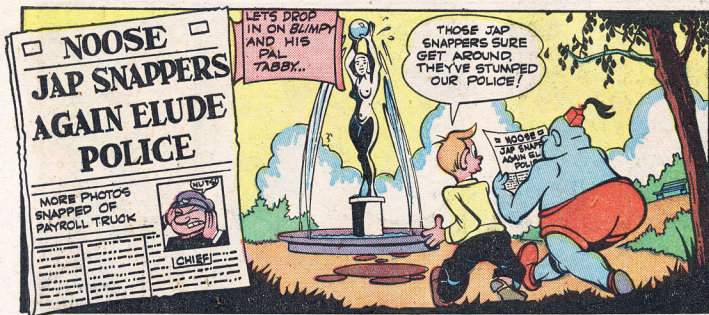


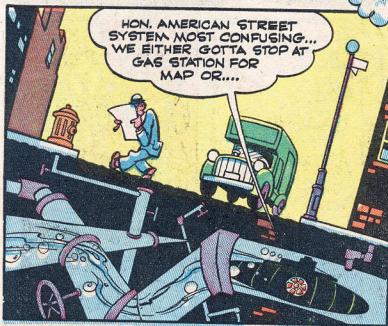
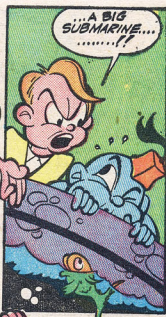
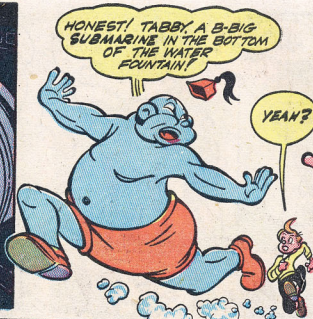
HEY-CHIEF! T-T-THE
MANHOLE COVER!!
I THINK IT'S
THE JAP
SNAPPERS!

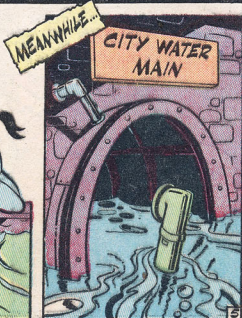
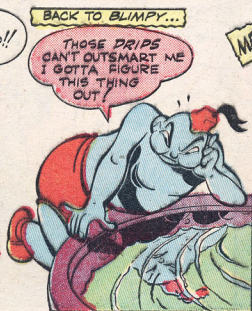
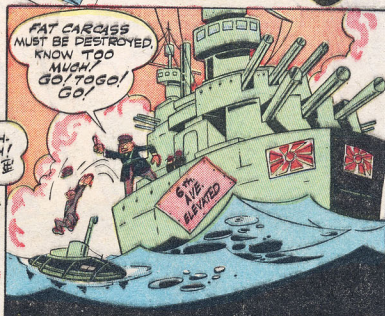
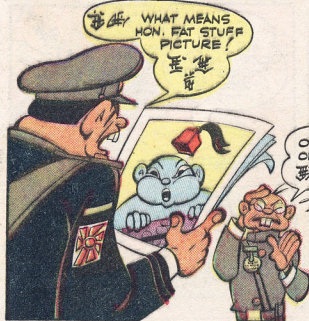
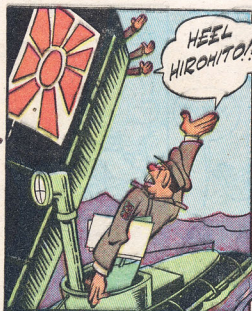


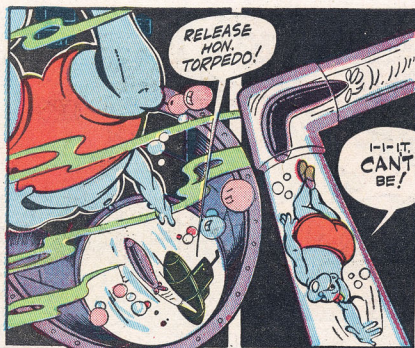
YER NUTS!
CLANCY, HOW
COULD
ANYBODY GET
IN HERE!



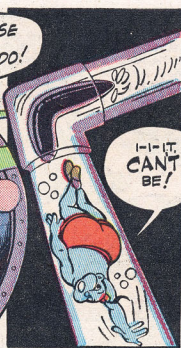




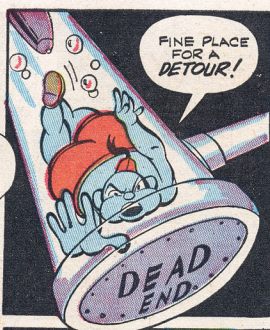




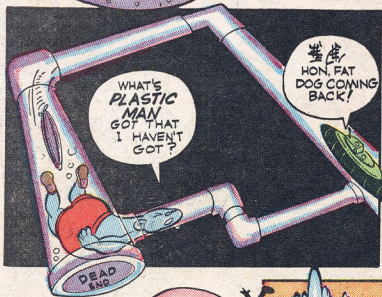
RELEASE
HON.
TORPEDO!



I-I-I,
CANT
BE!

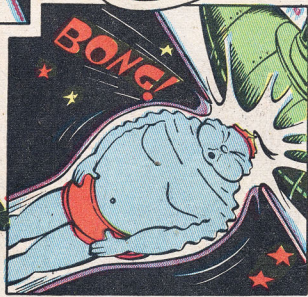


FINE PLACE
FOR A
DETOUR!

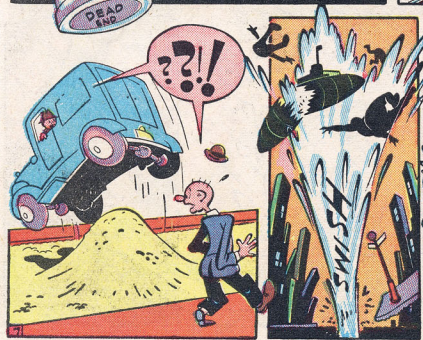


WHAT'S
PLASTIC
MAN
GOT THAT
I HAVENT
GOT?

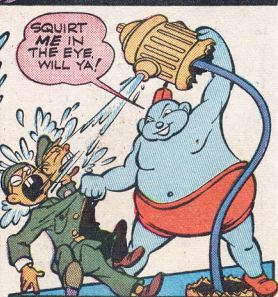
哇哇
HON, FAT
DOG COMING
BACK!



BONG!



??!



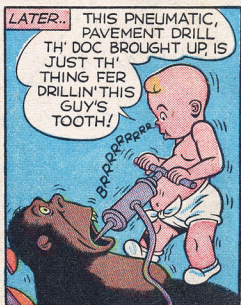
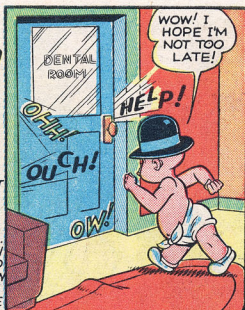
SQUIRT
ME IN
THE EYE,
WILL YA!

THIS AINT ALL, FOLKS. IN NEXT MONTH'S
FEATURE COMICS BLIMPY GOES
AFTER THE WHOLE JAP NAVY!

POISON IVY

by GILL FOX

POISON'S DENTIST HAS TO PULL A TOOTH FROM A GORILLA SENT TO HIM BY THE ZOO. HE'S ASKED POISON TO COME OVER AND HELP. WE FIND POISON JUST ARRIVING AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE





FRANK M. BORTH
• Feature •

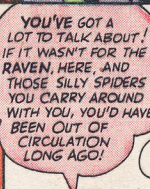
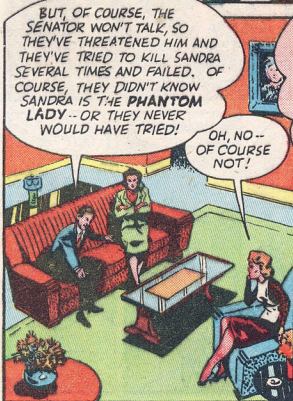
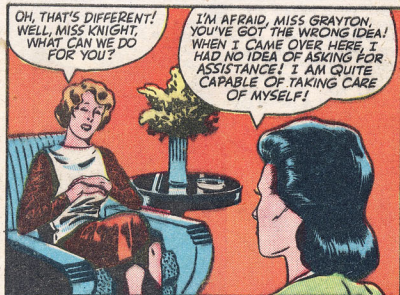
The SPIDER WIDOW

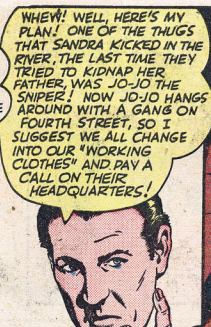
RAVEN!
WHO IS THAT
WOMAN?!!

HERE'S THE RAVEN, FOLKS, AND HAS HE GOT HIS HANDS FULL! Y'SEE, THE RAVEN IS A BUDDY OF THE SPIDER WIDOW (THE FLYING TIGRESS ON YOUR LEFT), BUT HE'S BEEN HAVING SOME ADVENTURES WITH THE PHANTOM LADY (THE P-40 ON YOUR RIGHT)... NOW THE RAVEN IS NO SLOUCH WHEN IT COMES TO MAKING THE HEART FLUTTERS, SO YOU CAN SEE HE'S IN FOR PLENTY OF TROUBLE WITH THE TWO "FIGHTINGEST" GALS IN THE HISTORY OF COMIC BOOKS!

WHY-- ER, DIANNE-- THIS IS MISS SANDRA KNIGHT. I--UH-- BUMPED INTO HER OVER AT POLICE COMICS, THE OTHER DAY AND, WELL, SHE'S BEEN HAVING A LOT OF TROUBLE LATELY-- SO I TOLD HER TO COME OVER-- WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP HER OUT!





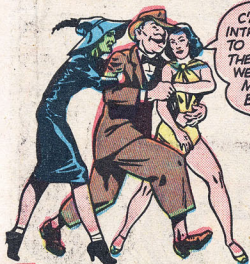


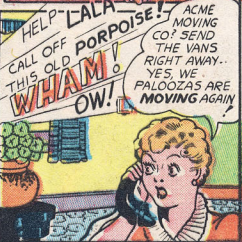
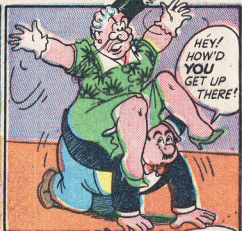
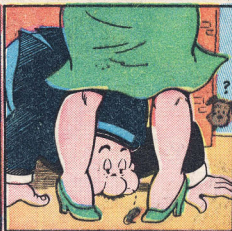
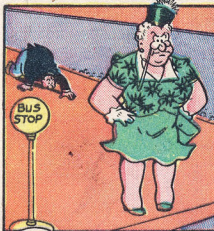
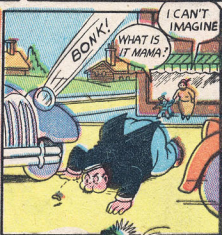
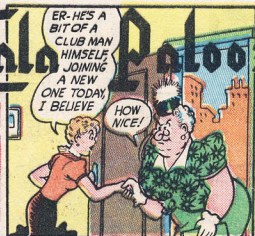
THUS IT IS THAT, TEN MINUTES LATER, THE RAVEN, THE SPIDER WIDOW AND THE PHANTOM LADY ARE SEEN GOING DOWNTOWN -- TOWARD "4TH" STREET.

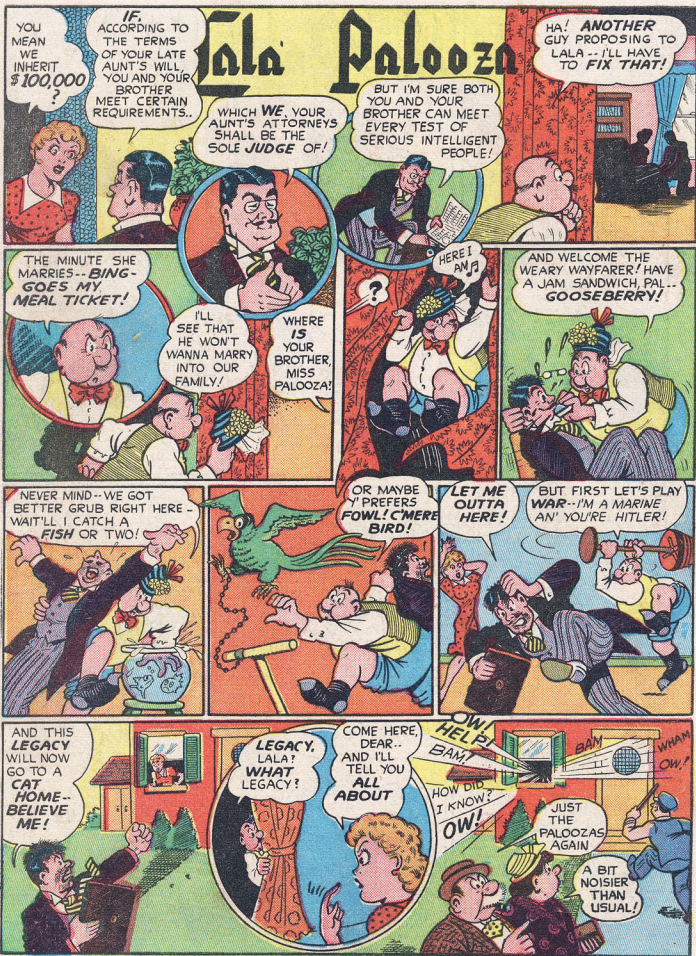


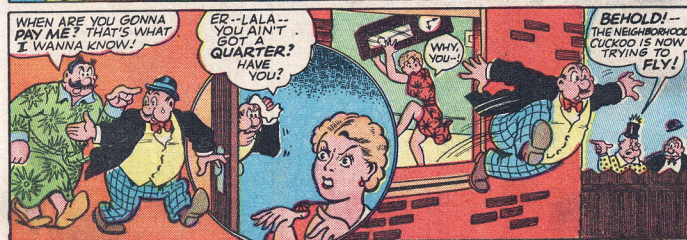
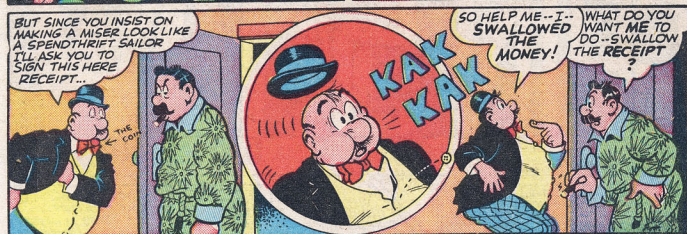
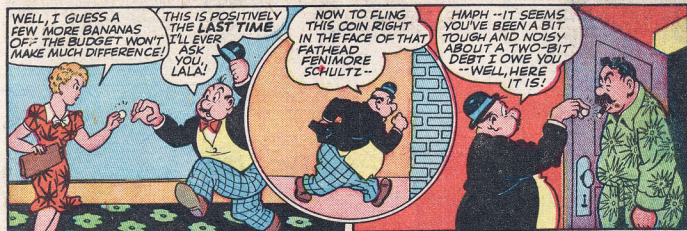
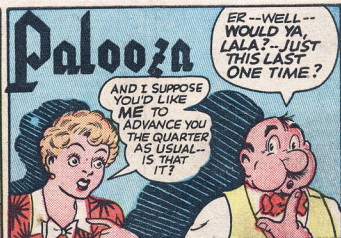
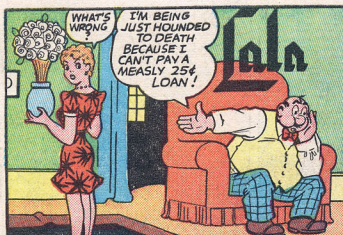


A FEW MOMENTS MORE AND JO-JO IS-- WELL, SEE FOR YOURSELF!...









HENDERSON FIELD,
GUADALCANAL, SOLOMON
ISLANDS... ONE BRIGHT
DAY IN JUNE...



HI, LANDLUBBER! HERE'S THE
SBD YOU WANTED TO DELIVER
THAT PACKAGE TO CHINA... IT
MUST BE PRETTY IMPORTANT!

HI, SPIN...YEP!... "IT"
IS!... AND YOU'RE TO
DELIVER IT,
SAILOR!



...AND HERE "IT" IS! CHINA'S FIRST
LADY!! MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK!

HELLO, CAPTAIN
SHAW! I HAVE
NOT SEEN YOU
FOR SO LONG
A TIME!

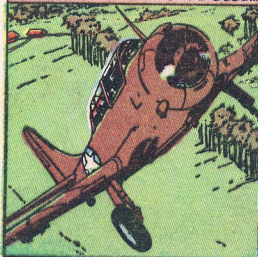
MADAME CHIANG!
WELL! THIS IS
ONE TIME I'LL
BE DELIGHTED
TO PLAY
DELIVERY BOY!



CAPT. SPIN SHAW

Rex Smith

AT DUSK THAT DAY, THE POWERFUL
PLANE WITH ITS PRECIOUS CARGO,
GRACEFULLY ROARS INTO THE BLUE...



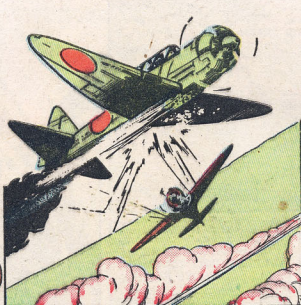
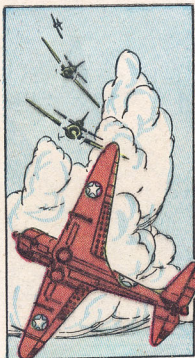
WITHOUT
INCIDENT, IT
SPEEDS THROUGH
THE NIGHT, OVER
THE PACIFIC AND
THEN AT DAWN
OVER JAPANESE-
HELD CHINA...



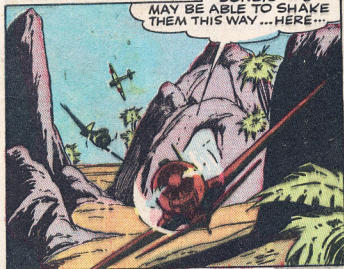
IT'S GOING TO BE
A BEAUTIFUL DAY...
LOOK! WE'RE ALMOST
OVER CHINESE TERRITORY
NOW -- AND SAFE!

NOT YET!...
OH-OH! DON'T
LOOK NOW, BUT
I THINK WE
HAVE VISITORS!

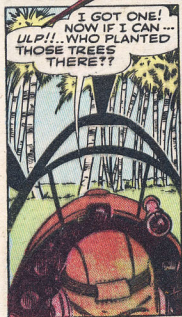
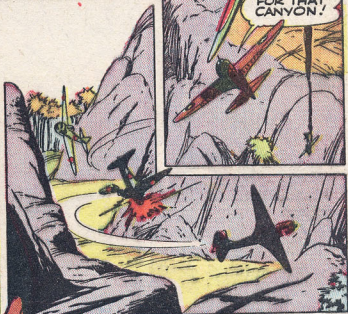




HANG ON!-I'M GOING TO DIVE FOR THAT CANYON!



I CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE OF FIGHTING IT OUT WITH THOSE BONZIS ... I MAY BE ABLE TO SHAKE THEM THIS WAY ... HERE...

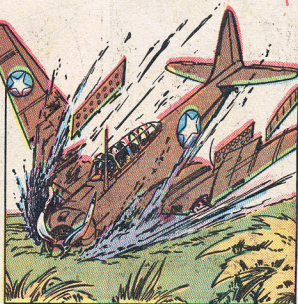
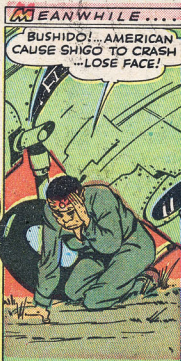
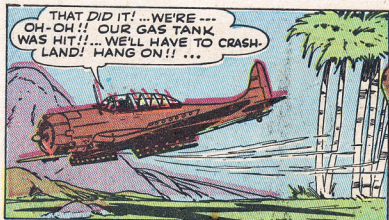


I GOT ONE! NOW IF I CAN ... ULP!!...WHO PLANTED THOSE TREES THERE??



P-PLEASE! CAPTAIN SHAW!! MY HEART! WHEW! SPIN!! LOOK!! THE LAST PLANE CRACKED UP!!





SIX HOURS LATER ...TIRED,
INSECT-BITTEN AND HOT,
THE COUPLE PUSH ON
THROUGH THE JUNGLE...



WHY YOU WHISPER?? ... AH
SA!!! ... CHIANG!! BANZAI!!!
BANZAI!!! ... IS GLORIOUS
DAY!! 光荣!!



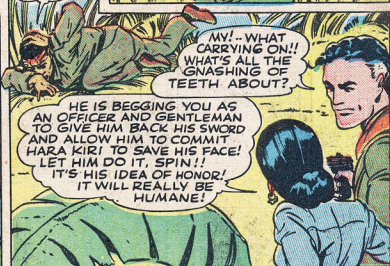
... BUT DIRTY!! ... SPIN!
NOW!



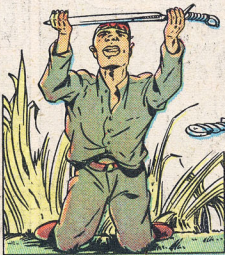
HO-HO!!! ... YOU'RE COOKIN' WITH
GAS!! HERE'S WHERE I TEACH A NIP
PUP SOME NIP-UPS!!



天!! 天大
美羊!



WELL ... OKAY! ...
HERE, BONZI ...
GO AHEAD, IF
YOU HAVE THE
NERVE!!



DON'T GIVE UP HOPE, GENERAL CHIANG! ... THEY MAY SHOW UP YET! ...

AH, YES... PERHAPS...

A man with a bandage on his forehead sits in a hospital bed, talking to a woman in a blue uniform. A speech bubble is visible above them.

ZERO

DETECTIVE RATTIGANE'S
ME NAME, AN' YUH CAN'T
MAKE ME BELIEVE
IN GHOSTS -- NO, SIREE,
NOT ME!

THE QUICK FOOTFALLS
OF A HUNTED MAN -- A
FORCED ENTRY -- A
LEVELED GUN -- AND
ZERO, MASTER GHOST
DETECTIVE, IS EMBROILED
IN THE SHUDDERING CASE
OF THE FRIARS OF
FINANCE!

A DOOR IS SLOWLY OPENED,
A BLOOD-DRENCHED HAND
LEVELS A WAVING AUTOMATIC
AT ZERO'S HEAD!

QUICK! PUT UP YOUR
HANDS! I MUST HAVE
A PLACE TO HIDE! THE
COPS ARE AFTER ME!
THEY DON'T BELIEVE
IN GHOSTS ---

THE BLUNDERING FOOLS
DON'T UNDERSTAND, SO I,
STERLING GATE, THE FINANCIER,
AM BEING HUNTED AS A
MURDERER!

HE'S FAINTED!
HE'S BEEN SHOT!
WHAT A STRANGE
THING TO SAY --
"THEY DON'T
BELIEVE
IN GHOSTS"!



**ZERO REVIVES THE
WOUNDED FINANCIER!...**

HERE, LET ME
PUT THIS BANDAGE
ON --- NOW, MY
NAME'S ZERO --
PERHA ----

ZERO?
YOU'RE
ZERO?
THEN, LISTEN
TO ME! PLEASE
LISTEN!



RATTIGANE -- HE'S A
DETECTIVE -- THINKS I KILLED
PELVIN, BUT I DIDN'T!
MARTIN, BRAND DID -- HE'S
BEEN DEAD A YEAR! DON'T
LET THE POLICE GET ME,
ZERO! I BEG YOU!
I'M RICH! -- I'LL
PAY YOU
WELL!



LOOK, PAL! I DON'T NEED
YOUR DOUGH! -- NOW GIVE
ME THE FACTS -- BUT SHOOT
STRAIGHT WITH ME -- AND
THEN MAYBE I CAN ---



**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

THE DOOR --
THE POLICE --
ARE HERE!

YES,
RATTIGANE!
WHAT IS
IT?

SAY, MISTER,
HAVE Y --? WELL,
IF IT AIN'T ZERO
-- THE HOUSE
HAUNTER
HIMSELF!
HA-HA-
HA!



LISTEN, DRACULA!
'S TOO BAD I
DISTURBED YOUR
SLEEP! YOU PROBL'Y
WAS CHASING
FRANKENSTEEN --
BUT YOU SEEN A
FAT OLD GUY ON
THE LOOSE ROUND
HERE, EH?

NOPE!



NO, RATTIGANE!
AS YOU KNOW, I
SPECIALIZE ONLY
IN GHOSTS!



GOOD NIGHT!

BANG!

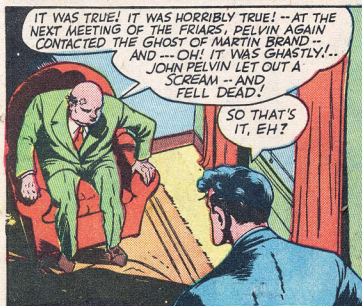
HUH?
WELL, OF
ALL THE --!

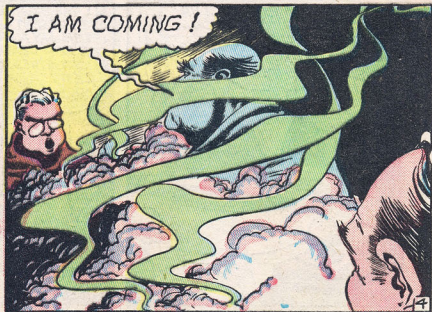


YOU'RE SAFE
FOR A WHILE!
LET'S HEAR
YOUR
STORY!

THANKS! I'M A MEMBER
OF THE FRIARS -- THAT'S A
CLUB WE HAVE, MADE UP
ONLY OF BANKERS AND
BROKERS --- WE'RE ALL
ABOVE SIXTY AND
BACHELORS! WELL---









I--HAVE--COME----WHAT--IS--
IT--YOU--WISH--OF--ME---?
SPEAK,--BROTHERS--OF--
YESTERYEAR!--...



OH!--IT IS MARTIN
BRAND!--TELL US
OF THE SECRETS OF
LIFE AND DEATH,
MARTIN! TELL
US!



YOU--HAVE--DARED--TO--
BREAK--MY--SLEEP--! YOU
WISH--TO--KNOW--OF--
DEATH--? I--SHALL
TEACH--YOU--OF--DEATH!
-----THERE!

AGG-!
GGH!



STOP!
ENOUGH!

YOU--INTERRUPT!
YOU--DARE? YOU--
SHALL--FEEL--MY--
STING!

G-A-A:
AHH!



BEG PARDON!--BUT
YOU SHALL FEEL A
STING--FROM MY
DISINTEGRATOR--
GO!



GO!!
DEPART!!!

STANDIN' GUARD OUTSIDE,
I HOID A SCREAM!--UP
WITH 'EM, EVERYBODY--
OR I'LL -----WOW!
A-A-A--G-GHOST!

HE'S
DISAPPEARING!

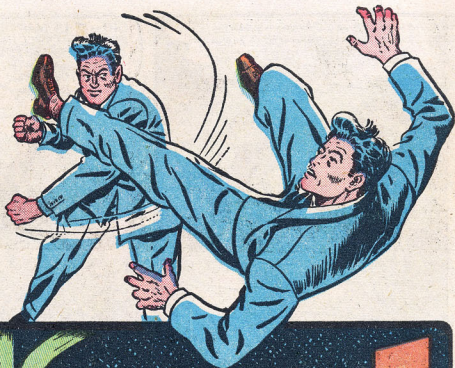


YOU CAN CLOSE THIS
CASE, RATTIGANE! DEATH
FROM NATURAL CAUSES!
GATE, HERE, IS INNOCENT!
A WORD OF ADVICE,
GATE--DON'T FOOL
AROUND WITH THE
SUPERNATURAL--IF
YOU WISH TO LIVE
LONG!

ZERO!--GET
ME OUT OF
HERE!!!
NACHERAL
CAUSES??
OKAY!
OKAY!

NEVER
AGAIN, ZERO!
NEVER
AGAIN!

BESIDES LEADING A BAND, **SWING SISSON** LEADS A LIFE OF THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT. WITH THE AID OF **TOBY TUCKER**, SAX PLAYER, AND **BONNIE BAXTER**, VOCALIST, HE IS ALWAYS ABLE TO HANDLE THE SITUATION. BUT A NEW MENACE CONFRONTS SWING NOW... WHEN HE DISCOVERS HIMSELF TO BE **TWINS**....



SWING SISSON

by PHIL MARTIN

AT THE CLOVER CLUB A BAND REHEARSAL IS IN PROGRESS...



ALL RIGHT! STOP PLAYING! THIS IS THE WORST I'VE HEARD! CAN'T YOU GET ANYTHING RIGHT?

...AND ANOTHER THING... I DON'T WANT ANYMORE BEEFING ABOUT THE TUNES I SELECT! WHETHER **YOU** THINK THE MUSIC IS APPROPRIATE OR NOT, YOU'LL PLAY WHAT I TELL YOU!! THAT'S ALL--- REHEARSAL IS OVER!!



GOSH, BONNIE! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO SWING? I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM ACT SO GROUCHY!

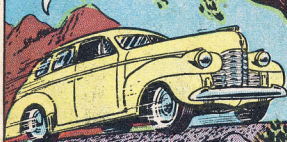


I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, TOBY! WHY, HE DOESN'T ACT LIKE THE SAME PERSON!

MEANWHILE...MANY MILES AWAY...

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

THAT YOU WILL SOON KNOW!!



BUT I MUST GET BACK TO THE CLOVER CLUB...I...

HA! YOU WILL BE NEEDED NO LONGER AT DER CLOVER CLUB. OUR LEADER HAS TAKEN YOUR PLACE!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I MEAN, SVING SISSON, DOT HE IS IMPERSONATING YOU UND LEADING DER BAND AT DER CLUB!



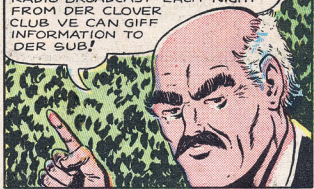
AT A CLIFF EDGE THE NAZIS HALT...

BIND HIM VELL, FRITZ. I VILL TELL YOU, HERR SISSON. VE HAVE WORKED OUT A CODE VITH **SONG TITLES**. EACH TUNE MEANS SOMETHING!

BUT, WHY...?



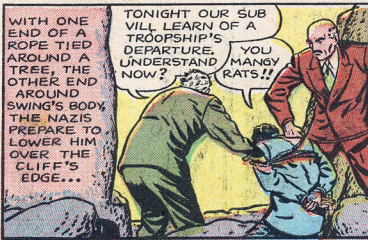
VE HAVE A SUBMARINE VAITING OFF DER COAST... UND IN YOUR RADIO BROADCAST EACH NIGHT FROM DER CLOVER CLUB VE CAN GIFF INFORMATION TO DER SUB!



WITH ONE END OF A ROPE TIED AROUND A TREE, THE OTHER END AROUND SVING'S BODY, THE NAZIS PREPARE TO LOWER HIM OVER THE CLIFF'S EDGE...

TONIGHT OUR SUB VILL LEARN OF A TROOPSHIP'S DEPARTURE, UNDERSTAND NOW?

YOU MANGY RATS!!



GOOD-BY, SVING SISSON! DON'T GET TOO PLAYFUL MIT DER VULTURES!



BACK AT THE CLOVER CLUB THE
FAKE SWING Sisson STUDIES
A CODE BOOK.

HMMM! THE
SONG MEANING **TROOPSHIP**
IS "RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET".
WE'LL PLAY THAT FIRST, AND
THE SHIP LEAVES AT 8:00
O'CLOCK...SO OUR SECOND
TUNE WILL BE "GOTTA DATE
AT EIGHT",
THEN...LET'S
SEE.....



HA-HA-HA-HA! THIS IS
PRETTY CLEVER. BUT WITH
THESE OUT-OF-DATE TUNES
WE'RE PLAYING, THIS BAND
WILL SOON BE KNOWN AS
**SWING Sisson AND HIS
SELDOM-FED
SIXTEEN!!**



AW NUTS! GET
READY TO DIG
OUT SOME **OLD**
ARRANGEMENTS,
FELLOWS!

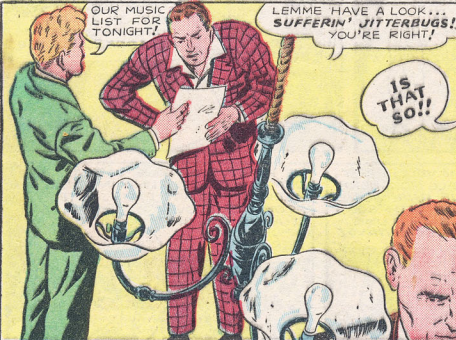
WHAT'S
THE
MATTER,
TOBY?



OUR MUSIC
LIST FOR
TONIGHT!

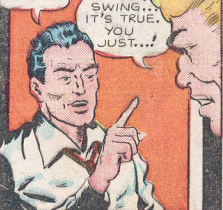
LEMME HAVE A LOOK...
SUFFERIN' JITTERBUGS!
YOU'RE RIGHT!

IS
THAT
SO!!



I HEARD ALL THAT, TOBY, AND
I'M SICK OF HEARING YOU
TRY TO STIR UP TROUBLE!
WELL, IT'S NONE OF YOUR
BUSINESS HOW I RUN
THINGS...ONE MORE WORD
OUTTA YOU
AND....

BUT,
SWING...
IT'S TRUE.
YOU
JUST...

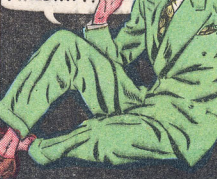


IN TOBY'S HOTEL ROOM...

THAT'LL BE ENOUGH! YOU'RE
THROUGH! AFTER THE BROAD-
CAST TONIGHT YOU CAN GET
YOUR STUFF AND CLEAR
OUT!!



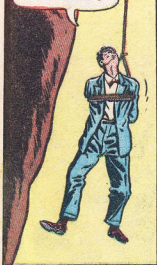
SWING, MY PAL, HIT ME! AFTER
ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH
...AFTER ALL THE
THUGS WE'VE
MOPPED UP
TOGETHER...
AND NOW I'M
FIRED...!!!??



IF THAT'S THE WAY HE
FEELS, I'LL LEAVE RIGHT
AFTER THE BROADCAST.
MY OLD PAL...I'D NEVER
HAVE BELIEVED IT!!



WITH MY HANDS TIED
BEHIND ME I HAVEN'T
A CHANCE!



WATER...DRIPPING
FROM THAT LEDGE!



YOU CAN GET A RING
OFF BY WETTING
YOUR FINGER....
MAYBE IF I CAN
JUST GET MY HANDS
AND THE ROPE WET....



FOR HOURS SWING HANGS,
STRUGGLING AS THE
MOUNTAIN WATER TRICKLES
OVER HIS BONDS....



FINALLY HE WORKS HIS
HANDS FREE...

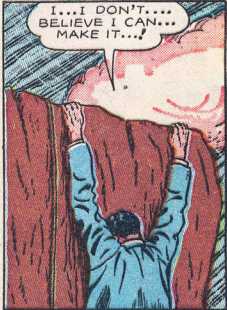


THERE!
SO FAR,
SO GOOD!

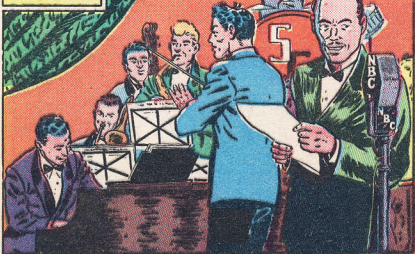
THERE'S GONNA BE
A HOT TIME IN
THE CLOVER CLUB
TONIGHT....IF
MY LUCK HOLDS!



I...I DON'T...
BELIEVE I CAN...
MAKE IT...!



THE TIME
FOR THE
BROADCAST
ARRIVES...



PRESENTING... SWING SISSON
AND HIS ORCHESTRA...

SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST...
IN A NAZI SUBMARINE...



ISS DER BROADCAST
COMING IN CLEARLY?

YESS, HERR
COMMANDER! VE
VILL HAVE TONIGHT'S
MESSAGE SOON!

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES ELAPSE
...THE BROADCAST IS NEARLY
OVER...

AND NOW OUR
LAST TUNE ON THE PROGRAM
...A VOCAL BY BONNIE
BAXTER, THE BAND
PLAYS "GET OUT
OF TOWN".



THE **REAL** SWING BURSTS IN!

YOU'D BETTER **DO** IT, INSTEAD
OF **PLAY** IT, YOU NAZI!



HEY! I'M SEEIN' DOUBLE!
NO, WAIT! THIS MUST
REALLY BE **SWING**...AND
THE OTHER'S A **FAKE**!!

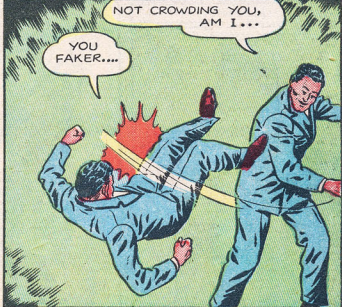


SWING
MEETS
SWING
IN
BATTLE!



NOT CROWDING YOU,
AM I...

YOU
FAKER....



WHO'S A FAKER? I'LL SIGN
YOU OFF RIGHT NOW!



FOLKS, YOU'RE LISTENING TO A
DISRIPTION OF THE STRANGEST
FIGHT IN HISTORY! **SWING** LANDS
ANOTHER BLOW TO THE HEAD BUT
RECEIVES AN UPPERCUT FROM **SWING**!!
SWING HITS...I MEAN **SWING IS** HIT...
...I MEAN....!!



I'M GONNA CLOUT THAT
FRAUD ON THE
NOGGIN!!

BUT,
TOBY! YOU
MAY HIT
THE WRONG
ONE!!



THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN
IT DOES YOU! I'LL HAVE
TO HAVE A NEW
SAX....

THANKS,
FELLA....!



SWING TELLS THE STORY
OF HIS KIDNAPPING....

...SO BY GETTING MY HANDS
WET, I FINALLY WORKED THE
THE ROPES LOOSE. I HITCH-
HIKED INTO TOWN AND
TELEPHONED ARMY
INTELLEIGENCE
HEADQUARTERS.
THEY SAID THEY'D
SEND UP SOME
BOMBERS AT
ONCE!



BUT, TOBY---HOW DID
YOU KNOW WHICH
ONE TO HIT...

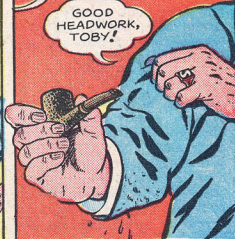


AND HOW DO WE KNOW
THAT THIS IS REALLY
SWING AND NOT
THAT NASTY NAZI??



EASY, BONNIE! LOOK....
SWING'S SLEEVES ARE
STILL SOAKING WET. AND
THERE'S HIS RING BESIDES!

GOOD
HEADWORK,
TOBY!



AS FURTHER PROOF...JUST OFF
THE COAST...

SEE
ANYTHING
YET?

YEP, THERE'S
THE SUB...
RIGHT BELOW
US, BOB! LET
GO WITH ONE
OF THOSE
BOMBS!



AND THIS STORY IS
BROUGHT TO A CLOSE
BY ONE WELL-AIMED
BOMB THAT DEMOLISHES
THE NAZI SUBMARINE!



WATCH FOR
SWING SISSON
NEXT MONTH
WHEN YVONNE,
THE BEAUTIFUL
GIRL GANGSTER,
RETURNS WITH
A NEW
RING OF
ROGUES!!

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

TWO MILES outside the city limits the Bascom House stood in a litter of weeds and untrimmed apple trees. It was a garish example of the architect's art—three stories of eye-hurting ugliness; a slate roof covering some fifteen enormous rooms. Below these a dank basement with bins and coal chutes served as a playground for huge rats.

Immediately behind the house, on a slight rise, was the ancient Bascom cemetery, where every last one of the strange family lay moulding under moss-covered headstones. Just when the Bascom House had been built, nobody in the town knew; but it was more than a hundred years old, and it had a dark history.

Elias Bascom had built his fortune with hides, which he exported to Europe. He had drowned, after toppling into the uncovered well near the house, some time about 1860. Benjamin, his eldest son, had been shot in a duel twenty years later. Another brother, Henry, had been stabbed to death by a prowler in his bedroom, and his body lay with the rest in the old graveyard.

There had been two sisters—Elissa and Amanda. The former had gone insane when only fifteen and had been shut up in her room for thirty years, a howling creature more animal than human. Amanda drank poison after being jilted in love.

There had been no children by any of these Bascoms, so that when the last one died, the family clan died out. Where the estate went to, nobody knew. The old house just stood there, a horrible reminder of a tragic family, and rotted in the elements.

It is natural to assume then that the Bascom House was "haunted." A lonely road pass-

ed it about a quarter-mile away. But nobody ever visited the place. Everybody feared it somehow. There had been strange things seen and heard about the place: flickering lights in the paneless windows on stormy nights; shriekings and gurgling groans emanating from the dank cellar on dark evenings.

So every resident of the town gave it wide berth. Everyone said it was "haunted."

It was to this weird house that Dr. Roberts, famous scientist, and his daughter, Martha, came one summer evening on a tour of inspection. Dr. Roberts wanted an isolated place to conduct some secret experimentation for the Government, and the Bascom House looked like just the ticket.

"What do you think, Martha?" he said to his daughter. "Pretty spooky looking place, isn't it?"

Martha shivered. "Gives me the creeps just to look at it, Dad."

"But it should be fine for my purpose, honey. Certainly nobody will bother me here. And then Darrell will be out there to see you."

"Oh, don't worry about me, Dad. I'm not afraid of ghosts. I'd rather like to see one of these shades of the old Bascoms."

The next day Dr. Roberts had a large van move his equipment into the house, in one of the upstairs rooms, and quickly he set up his laboratory. Two other rooms adjoining he had cleaned up for Martha and himself. He had to hire help from another city to do the work; nobody in the town would venture near the place.

Darrell Dane, young scientist of note, and a clever criminolo-

gist on the side, was studying an oblong of green paper under a powerful microscope. He had been studying such oblongs for several days, trying to make up his mind about them. This one was different from the others, of that he was certain. The silk threads were curled in an opposite manner, and the serial numbers were not the same distance from the margins.

"Phoney, all right, Chief," he said after a long hesitation. "At least this one is." He held out the strip of green paper, which happened to be a ten-dollar bill.

Chief Eckert took the bill and looked at it closely. He shook his head. "I don't know, Darrell. I tell you government experts are stumped—But you say it is phoney; that's good enough for me. Now, where's it coming from?"

That question had been puzzling FBI officials for months. A terrific deluge of counterfeit currency in large denomination notes. Almost every suspect in the nation had been rounded up—and turned loose. Several small counterfeiters had been grabbed and sent up. But none of these were capable of turning out such "authentic" looking phoney as were now appearing everywhere.

"If we just knew where to start out," said the chief. "I have the feeling the plant is not far away—not in Mexico, or Canada—"

"No. It's right in this state, Chief. These notes are too fresh to have been shipped far—even by plane. I've tested the colors on that one; they're not more than ten hours old."

The chief said, "I don't remember counterfeiters operating in Maine before."

"That's all the more reason why they should pick Maine,"

Darrell told him. "Well, I'm going to see if we can't work out a scheme to trap 'em."

Dr. Roberts worked late in his lab that first night. At two o'clock he turned in. At about three, Martha awakened. Something—some sound—had brought her out of a heavy sleep. She sat up in bed. Pale moonlight streamed in the window. A bat flickered across the panes and at last lit on the ledge, clicking its teeth. Martha shivered.

Then the sound came again. A low rumbling, like a heavy wagon being drawn over cobblestones. The sound made the old house vibrate slightly. Martha slid out of bed, crossed the room and opened the door to her father's room.

"Dad!" she whispered. "Dad, wake up!"

Dr. Roberts stirred. "What is it, child?"

"Listen." They both held their breath. There was no sound. Martha related the happening. Dr. Roberts chuckled softly.

"Imagination, Martha. This is a 'haunted' house, you remember. Now go back to sleep, honey."

Martha returned to her room, but she didn't go to bed. Intuition. She walked out into the long hall and listened. They had explored all the rooms the day before; there was nothing in them. Martha had reached the end of the hall when a slight clicking sound made her whirl. Something closed over her throat and her head was muffled in a dark cloak. She tried to scream, but the band about her neck shut off her wind. She was lifted, carried a long ways.

"Now you," said a gruff voice. The cover was yanked off her head. Martha stood in a large cavern. Her captor was a burly fellow with an evil face. She saw two men working at a brilliantly lighted bench—and stacks of green paper were piled at one end of the bench. A

small printing machine was in operation.

"W-where am I?" she quavered. She drew the flimsy negligee about her. Her captor grinned.

"Baby, don't worry where you are. You'll never leave it again—not while Slack Harlan is runnin' this little business!" The man reached out for her and Martha screamed.

Darrell had made the rounds of the printing ink supply houses. At last, in Massachusetts, he had run into the one he thought might be supplying the counterfeiters with ink. In the guise of a salesman, he got into the back of the establishment and it was not long before he found a large crate of green ink that was marked for shipment to "Gravesport, Maine."

"That's it," he said to himself. "Now we'll see what we'll see." Looking around quickly, he then made a strange and startling transformation . . .

A half hour later the crate of ink was aboard a transport plane flying north. And that evening, a small truck hauled it out to a deserted house on the outskirts of town. Backing up to a clump of bushes two hundred yards in back of the house, the crate was unloaded and carried down a dark tunnel . . .

Dr. Roberts got up early and tapped on his daughter's door. No answer. He opened it and stepped inside. Martha was gone!

"Martha! Martha!" called the doctor frantically.

What puzzled the doctor most was the fact that Martha had worn no clothes; only a negligee. He knew that by looking in the closet.

Beside himself with worry, he rushed into town and called Darrell Dane's office. He was informed that Darrell had been absent all day and night . . .

Before the crate of ink had been placed on the floor of the cavern, a tiny figure hardly a foot in height had leaped from

it and dashed to a dark corner. The Doll Man!

In a single glance he took in the whole thing: the counterfeit machine, the greenbacks, the engraving slab and, huddled in a corner across the cavern, Martha! The Doll Man whipped a tiny vial out of his belt and crashed it on the floor. Thin vapors writhed upward. He held his breath and watched the three counterfeiters topple to the floor. Martha too, wide eyes staring at him, crumpled in a stupor, brought on by the quick-acting gas in the vial.

Then the Doll Man made a rapid transformation. Once again he was Darrell Dane. He tied up the counterfeiters and then gathered Martha up in his arms. There was an open door at one side of the cavern. He strode to it and up a rickety flight of stairs, Martha limp in his arms.

At the top he found a catch and a moment later a panel slid back, revealing a long hall. Dr. Roberts was pacing the hall in a frenzy. He looked at Darrell like he had seen a ghost.

"Martha!" he cried. "Darrell!" He rushed forward.

"She's all right. Got a whiff of gas," said Darrell. He laid Martha in the doctor's arms and turned to the open panel. There was sound below. Darrell nodded.

"I guess the boys are stirring. I'll have to dash to town and phone the FBI and Chief Eckert," he said. Then he told Dr. Roberts what had happened.

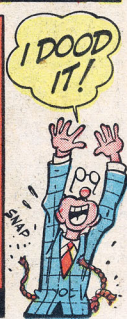
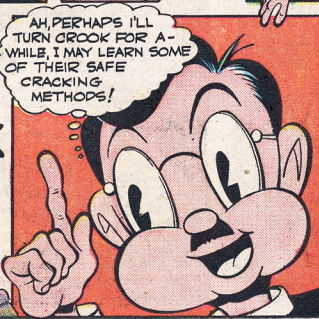
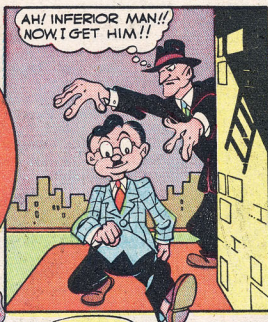
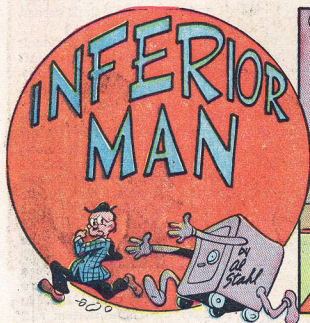
Martha stirred and opened her eyes. She looked at Darrell. "Oh, Darrell, the most awful—"

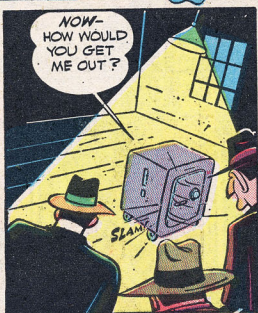
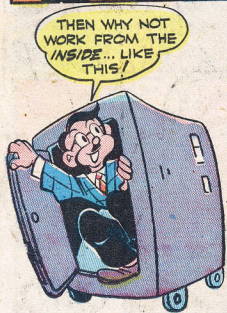
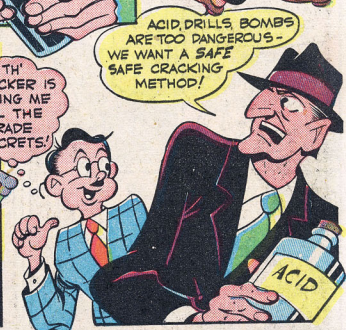
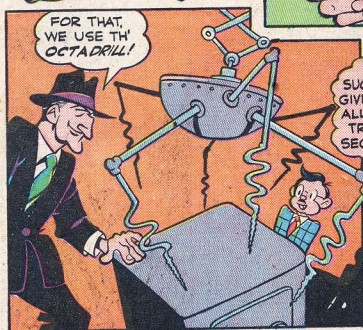
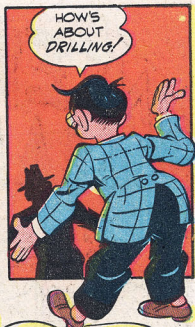
Darrell patted her golden head. "It's all right, Martha," he said soothingly. "I got 'em."

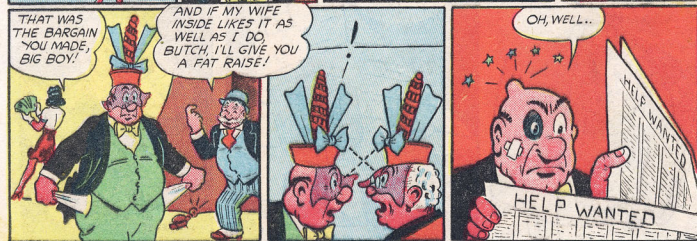
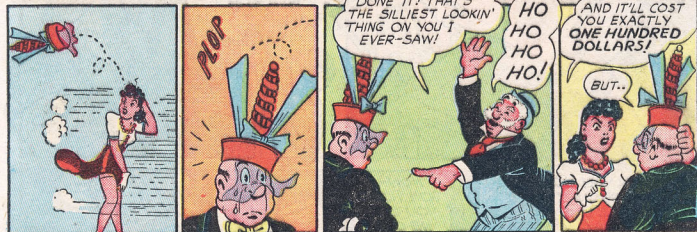
"But Darrell," she said, "I don't understand. The Doll Man suddenly appeared and threw a glass vial to the floor. That's when I passed out."

Darrell grinned and winked at Dr. Roberts.

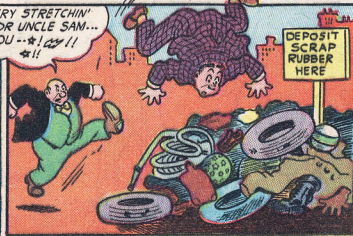
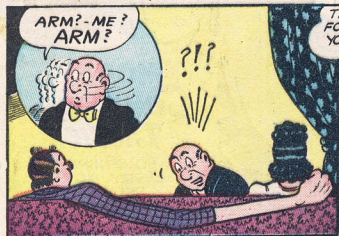
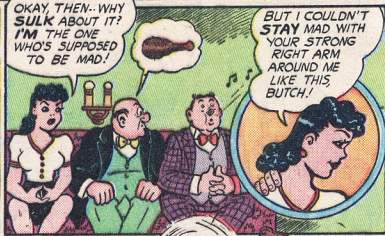
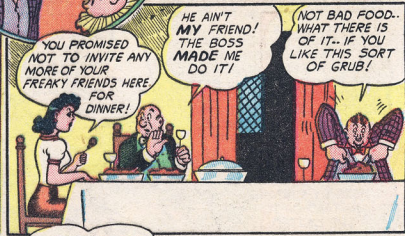
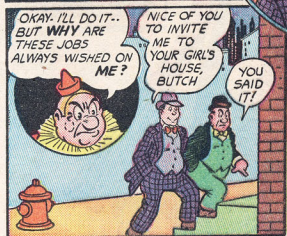
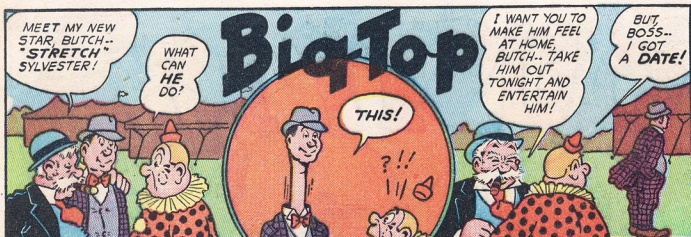
"That's when I came in," said he.







Big Top



RUSTY RYAN

and The
**BOYVILLE
BRIGADIERS**

TSNIFF!...TSNIFF! MY
POOR LITTLE AIRPLANE...
IT'S BROKEN!... SHATTERED INTO
BITS... SCATTERED NEAR AND FAR
OVER THIS JUNGLE ISLAND IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC! TSNIFF!...TSNIFF!
IT'S AWFUL!... JUST THINK!... MY
MEN SPENT SIX MONTHS PUTTING
IT TOGETHER FROM PARTS OF A
DOZEN WRECKED PLANES THAT
WE PICKED UP ON THE BATTLE-
FIELDS OF NORTH AFRICA!
TSNIFF!... I COULD CRY WHEN
I THINK OF THE HOURS IT
CHUGGED AND SPUTTERED
TO BRING US HERE! IT WAS
SUCH A NICE AIRPLANE...
EVEN IF IT BROUGHT US
HERE BY MISTAKE
INSTEAD OF TO
THE UNITED
STATES!



**MORE
COMMANDO
TACTICS**

SOMETHING
EVERY BOY
SHOULD
KNOW!

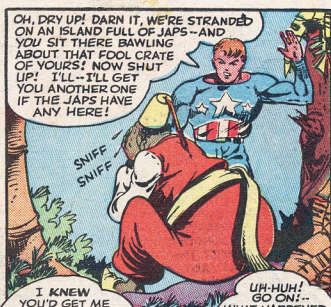
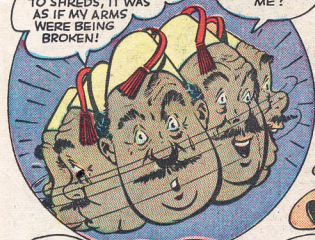


FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, ALABABA--
WE WERE OUT OF GAS -- I HAD
TO LAND, EVEN IF IT DID MEAN
WRECKING YOUR PLANE!

SSNIFF
IT'S GONE--
I'LL NEVER
GET ANOTHER
O

SNIFF - SNIFF -- HAVE
YOU NO SENTIMENT?
WHEN THOSE WINGS HIT
THE TREES AND RIPPED
TO SHREDS, IT WAS
AS IF MY ARMS
WERE BEING
BROKEN!

DID I HEAR
YOU SAY YOU'D
SWIPE A JAP
PLANE FOR
ME?



OH, DRY UP! DARN IT, WE'RE STRANDED
ON AN ISLAND FULL OF JAPS -- AND
YOU SIT THERE BAWLING
ABOUT THAT FOOL CRATE
OF YOURS! NOW SHUT
UP! I'LL -- I'LL GET
YOU ANOTHER ONE
IF THE JAPS HAVE
ANY HERE!

SNIFF
SNIFF

I KNEW
YOU'D GET ME
ANOTHER! PICK
OUT ONE WITH A
LITTLE PEP IN IT!
YOU KNOW-- A
16-CYLINDER
JOB! --
HUH?

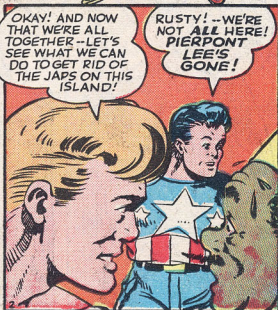
UH-HUH!
GO ON! --
WHAT HAPPENED
TO ALL THAT
SENTIMENT
FOR THE
CRATE
YOU HAD
?



YOU
PHONEY!
I OUGHT
TO BOP
YOU ONE!

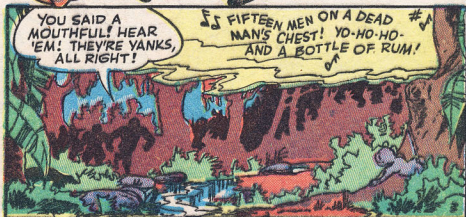
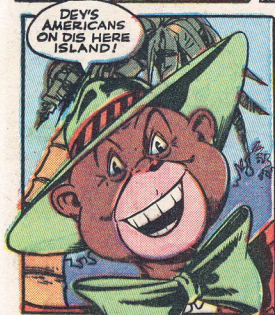
SO YOU JUST WANTED
US TO SAY WE'D GET YOU
ANOTHER PLANE,
EH?

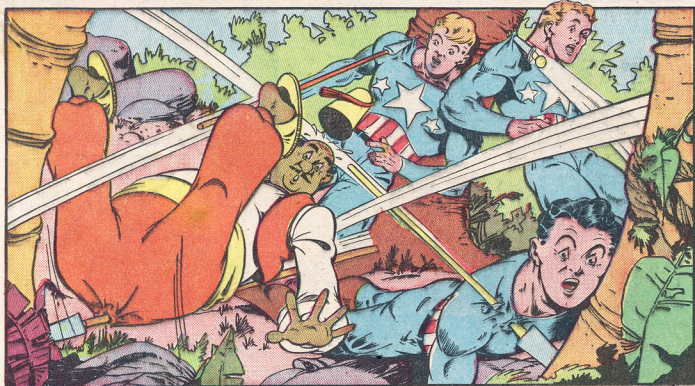
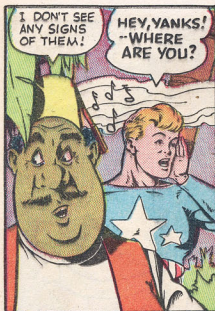
N-NOW, BOYS--
I-LET'S NOT
BE TRIVIAL!
I B-BRUISE
EASILY-- BUT
I HEAL
FASTER!

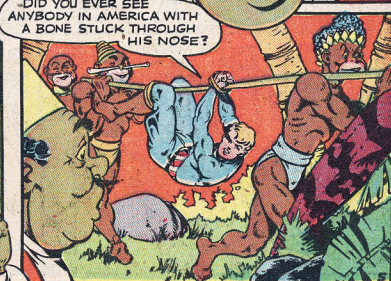
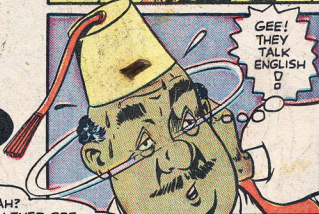
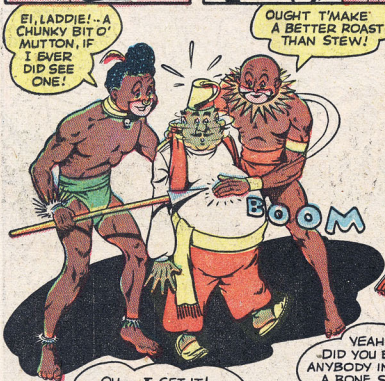
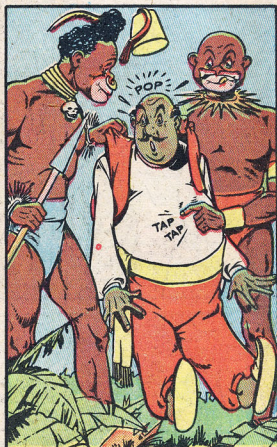
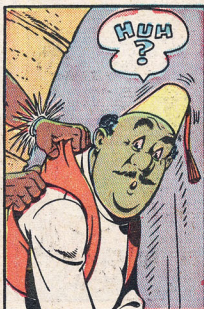


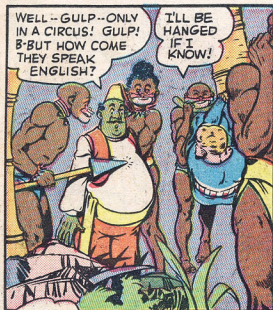
OKAY! AND NOW
THAT WE'RE ALL
TOGETHER --LET'S
SEE WHAT WE CAN
DO TO GET RID OF
THE JAPS ON THIS
ISLAND!

RUSTY! --WE'RE
NOT ALL HERE!
PIERPONT
LEE'S
GONE!









WELL--GULP--ONLY
IN A CIRCUS! GULP!
B-BUT HOW COME
THEY SPEAK
ENGLISH?

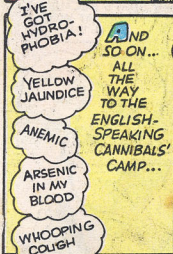
I'LL BE
HANGED
IF I
KNOW!



BACK T'PORT, LADS!
SET TH' BOW A LITTLE
NOR' BY NOR'EAST!

ER--ER--
WOULDN'T
WANT MY
"B" GASOLINE
BOOK,
WOULD YOU?
GULP!

B'-BOYS --I-I
WOULDN'T TASTE
VERY GOOD! I'VE
BEEN REJECTED
BY THE ARMY! --
I'M NOT EVEN
FIT TO BE MADE
INTO DOG
FOOD!



I'VE
GOT
HYDRO-
PHOBIA!

YELLOW
JAUNDICE

ANEMIC

ARSENIC
IN MY
BLOOD

WHOOPIING
COUGH

AND
SO ON...
ALL
THE
WAY TO THE
ENGLISH-
SPEAKING
CANNIBALS'
CAMP...



B-BOYS --I'VE A WIFE --
AND NINE CHILDREN
AT HOME -- Y-YOU'LL BE MAKING
ORPHANTS OF
THEM!



EASY GOES IT,
LADS... WE HAVE
TO GET THESE ROASTS
INTO THE GALLEY
WITHOUT THE
CAPTAIN
SEEING
US!

AROUND
THE BACK OF
THE
CAPTAIN'S CABIN...
HE CAN'T SEE
US THEN!



SNEAKING AROUND
TH' BACK O' MY CABIN
AGAIN! WHO'VE YOU
GOT FOR THE FIRE
THIS TIME?

SHHH-
HHH!



TH' CAPTAIN!
HE MUST HAVE
HEARD US!

SCATTER, LADS...
HE'S COMING
BACK HERE!

BUMP



THIS IS WHAT I CALL BEING "SAVED BY THE BELL!"

DON'T COUNT ON THAT! -- I'VE HEARD THE LEADER OF CANNIBAL TRIBES IS USUALLY THE TOUGHEST ONE OF THE LOT!



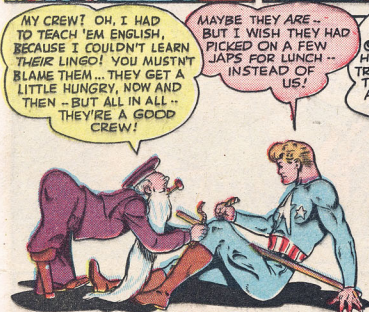
I'LL HANG TH' LOT OF YOU TO TH' YARD ARM FOR THIS! I'VE TOLD YOU A DOZEN TIMES THERE'D BE NO CANNIBAL STUFF SO LONG AS I'M CAPTAIN!

WHAT TH--?



WELL -- BUST MY PEG-LEG AN' CALL ME "STUMPY"! ... WHITE MEN!

AN OLD-TIME SAILOR! SO THAT'S WHY THEY SPEAK ENGLISH LIKE SAILORS!



MY CREW! OH, I HAD TO TEACH 'EM ENGLISH, BECAUSE I COULDN'T LEARN THEIR LINGO! YOU MUSTN'T BLAME THEM... THEY GET A LITTLE HUNGRY, NOW AND THEN -- BUT ALL IN ALL -- THEY'RE A GOOD CREW!

MAYBE THEY ARE -- BUT I WISH THEY HAD PICKED ON A FEW JAPS FOR LUNCH -- INSTEAD OF US!



BLAST IT -- YOU'RE RIGHT, LADS! THOSE @%:~%#@!! NIPS HAVE GIVEN ME MORE TROUBLE LATELY THAN THE WORST SQUALL AROUND THE HORN EVER DID!

THAT'S BECAUSE WE'RE AT WAR WITH 'EM!

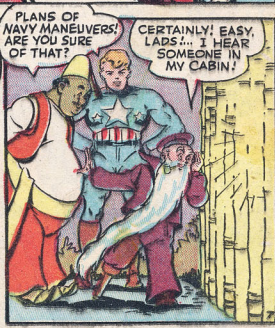


SO THAT'S WHY I'VE HAD TO KICK 'EM OUT SO MANY TIMES -- FOR TRYING TO SWIPE MY PLANS!

PLANS? -- WHAT PLANS?



THE PLANS THAT THE ADMIRAL LAID OUT FOR THE MOVEMENTS OF THE WHOLE U.S. FLEET! FUNNY YOU DIDN'T KNOW I HAD THEM... EVERYBODY ELSE ON THE ISLANDS HERE KNOWS ABOUT IT!



PLANS OF NAVY MANEUVERS! ARE YOU SURE OF THAT?

CERTAINLY! EASY, LADS!... I HEAR SOMEONE IN MY CABIN!

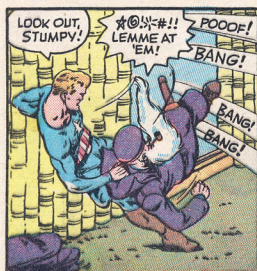


C'MON, LADS! I'M DANG SURE IT'S NONE O' MY CREW --AND I'VE A FAIRLY GOOD IDEA WHO IT IS!



RIGHT! IT'S THEM BLASTED NIPS AGAIN! THEY SNUCK IN WHEN I WAS OUT -- AND THEY'VE GOT MY PLANS!

YES--HAVE MOST IMPORTANT PLANS FOR HONORABLE EMPEROR AND BULLETS FOR WHITE SWINE!



LOOK OUT, STUMPY!

☆@!-#!!
LEMMIE AT 'EM!

POOF!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!



AFTER THEM! THE ONE WITH THE WOODEN LEG HAS CAUSED US MUCH TROUBLE!

IT WILL BE MOST PLEASANT TO KILL HIM!

THEY'RE COMING AFTER US! C'MON GANG! LET'S GIVE THEM THE WORKS!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

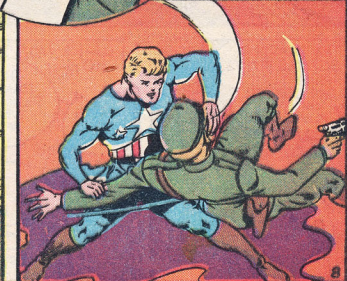
BANG!

WATCH CLOSELY!
COMMANDO TACTICS
COMING UP!



GET THE NEXT ONE COMING OUT, SCOTTY!

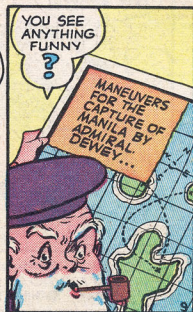
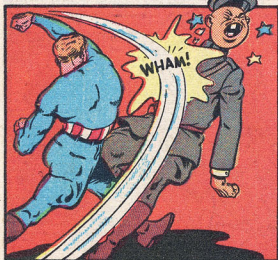
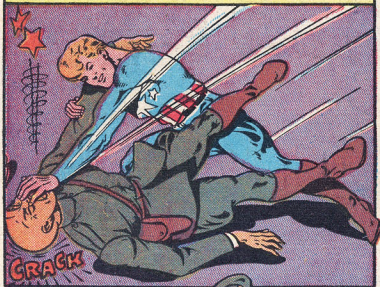
UH!



FACING YOUR OPPONENT, GRAB HIS LEFT ARM AND PULL HIM TOWARD YOU--THEREBY TURNING HIM AROUND..

THEN EXTEND YOUR LEFT LEG OUT UNDER HIM TO THROW HIM OFF BALANCE AND AT THE SAME TIME BRING YOUR LEFT HAND UP TO HIS CHIN AND PUSH HIM OVER BACKWARD! ...

IF IT'S A JAP YOU'RE HANDLING, PUT ALL YOUR POWER BEHIND YOUR LEFT ARM, PUSH, AND SEND HIS HEAD CRASHING TO THE GROUND! IF THIS DOESN'T CRACK HIS SKULL, IT WILL AT LEAST KNOCK HIM OUT!



WELL...

THAT'S "STUMPY"!

--AND WE'LL SEE MORE OF HIM NEXT MONTH IN

Feature Comics

!

FUN·SPORT·THRILLS·GAMES

For You To Enjoy!

Here for the first time in ONE-BIG-BOOK, are all the exciting, zestful Activities—Sports—Hobbies—Games—Magic—Art—Puzzles—Acrobatics—Stunts—Craftsmanship—Money-Making Plans, etc., which are part of every energetic, regular fellow!

A WHOLE LIBRARY OF FASCINATING FACTS, FUN & FROLICS

There is no end to the things to do and fun to enjoy with this tremendously interesting, entertaining and informative book! You can learn a Cowboy Roping routine; become a "whiz" at Ping-Pong; learn to draw Funny Cartoons; build your own equipment and furniture for games, your "den" or home; teach your dog tricks; learn scientific Boxing and Wrestling; defend yourself with Jiu Jitsu; develop a "Magic-Show" act; learn to "Spot" airplanes; become powerful and develop Mighty Muscles; learn to become a "Ventriloquist", etc. FUN FOR BOYS gives you a million things to do and enjoy—for indoors and outdoors—winter or summer—alone or with your crowd!

Actually 18 WONDER BOOKS IN ONE! It's the Biggest, Best-Value Book Imaginable! 286 THRILL-PACKED PAGES of Description, Ideas, Secrets, Suggestions, Surprises—HUNDREDS of Illustrations, Drawings and Pictures! Never before such an amazing book—never before such a remarkable value!

Send For This Book Under Our MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! Just mail the coupon—and if you enclose \$1.00 (stamps, money order, check or cash) we will pay the postage. If you prefer C.O.D. it will come plus 20c postage and delivery charges. If not completely satisfied, you can return book and get your money back at once. You risk nothing, so MAIL THE COUPON NOW!



only **1** full price

286 Pages—Hundreds of Illustrations—Hard Cover!

ALL THIS IN ONE
MARVELOUS BOOK
18 COMPLETE SECTIONS

How To Handle A ROPE
Like a Cowboy



A Champion teaches you tricks with a Lariat!

Playing Winning PING-PONG



Lessons on strokes, position, serve, and every element for perfection!

How to Train YOUR DOG



Dogs, their care and training; technique for teaching obedience and tricks.

It's Fun To BUILD THINGS



Complete plans and directions for making many useful articles!

Building Model PLANES



Full instructions for building a Glider, Solid Model, and Flying Model!

Spotting Planes



Learning to spot and recognize enemy and friendly planes.

Boxing for Self-Defense



A complete course in tactics, blows and strategy to become a skilful, boxer!

The Science of WRESTLING



Wrestle your weight in wildcats after learning these holds and techniques.

How To Be A Ventriloquist



It's easy to learn to "throw your voice" with these simple instructions.

The Secrets of CARTOONING



8-Lesson Course on Drawing Cartoons, Art, Caricatures & Lettering!

Money-Making Plans



101 Spare and Full Time money-making plans for every fellow!

Develop Powerful Muscles



Keeping Strong and Healthy plus exercises for developing strength and power!

Tumbling and Acrobatics



A simple program to give you skill and dexterity in this art!

Indoor & Outdoor GAMES



A selection of party, humorous and athletic games and contests!

Protect Yourself with JIU JITSU



Fear no attack, if you'll learn these amazing grips as taught to Marines, Soldiers and G-Men!

Indoor & Outdoor GAMES



Contains a group of Magic Tricks to amuse and mystify all!

Recommended Stories & Reading



A collection of famous stories and literature!

How To Punch a Bag



Learn to punch the bag faster than the eye can follow!

KNICKERBOCKER PUB. CO.
Dept. B507
92 Liberty St., New York, N. Y.

Rush me a copy of FUN FOR BOYS, and also include the FREE GAME KIT. I am enclosing \$1.00 in full payment. If it isn't as wonderful and thrilling as I expect it to be—I can return-book and get my money back at once.

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

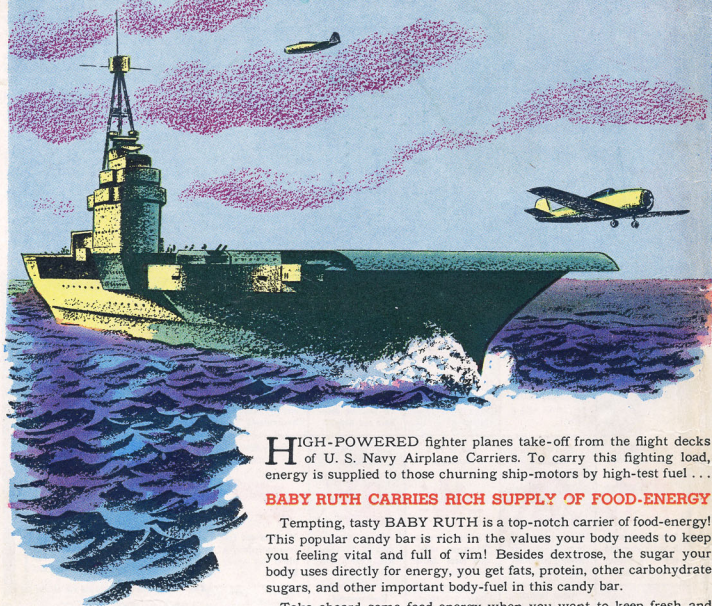
☐ Check here if you desire book to come C.O.D. and will pay \$1.20 on delivery. Same money back guarantee.

FREE TREMENDOUS SURPRISE GAME KIT

With every order, we will include, without extra charge, a complete assortment kit of 15 new and old Games, Tricks, Puzzles! Can be played by 1, 2, 3, 4 or more players. Just the thing for hours and days of enjoyable fun. It is given FREE with every order for FUN FOR BOYS! But Order Now!

KNICKERBOCKER
PUBLISHING CO. DEPT. B507
92 Liberty St. New York, N.Y.

FIGHTING ENERGY



HIGH-POWERED fighter planes take-off from the flight decks of U. S. Navy Airplane Carriers. To carry this fighting load, energy is supplied to those churning ship-motors by high-test fuel . . .

BABY RUTH CARRIES RICH SUPPLY OF FOOD-ENERGY

Tempting, tasty BABY RUTH is a top-notch carrier of food-energy! This popular candy bar is rich in the values your body needs to keep you feeling vital and full of vim! Besides dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy, you get fats, protein, other carbohydrate sugars, and other important body-fuel in this candy bar.

Take aboard some food-energy when you want to keep fresh and "on the job"! Eat a delicious BABY RUTH Candy Bar often!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



HAVE MOTHER BAKE SOME
TEMPTING COOKIES MADE
FROM TASTY **BABY RUTH**
RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER



BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS